

FABLES™

VERTIGO

ISSUE
2

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decomics.com

LAN MEDINA
August 2002

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SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS



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CHAPTER TWO: THE (UN)USUAL SUSPECTS

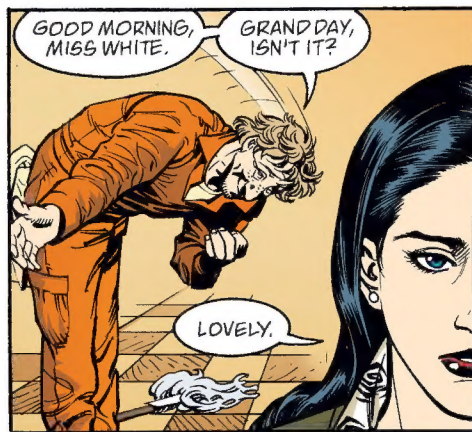
In which our intrepid detective delves deeper into the mystery of the missing Fable, and a prince is reunited with his old lady love.

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Lettered by Todd Klein Colored by van Valkenburgh Separated by Zylonol
Cover art by James Jean Assistant Editor Mariah Hughes Editor Shelly Bond

FABLES is created by Bill Willingham

THE NEXT DAY.

THE WOODLAND, THE SECRET "CITY HALL" OF THE UNDERGROUND COMMUNITY KNOWN TO ITS MEMBERS AS FABLETOWN.



AND IN THE WOODLAND'S SMALLEST STUDIO APARTMENT...

GET UP, IT'S MORNING. I NEED TO GO TO WORK AND YOU NEED TO GET OUT.

LEAVE ME ALONE, BIGBY! I'M STILL SLEEPING! I GOT IN LATE LAST NIGHT!

TODAY'S TRUCK UPSTATE TO THE FARM LEAVES IN AN HOUR AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE ON IT.

YOU CAN'T KEEP SNEAKING INTO THE CITY TO CRASH ON MY COUCH.

WHY NOT? YOU STILL OWE ME BIG TIME FOR DESTROYING MY HOUSE.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

AND ALL I DID WAS SCATTER A FEW BALES OF STRAW.

AFTER WHICH YOU TRIED TO MAKE SUPPER OUT OF ME. LET'S NOT FORGET THAT MINOR DETAIL.

SO?

HOW DOES THAT TRANSLATE INTO "I HAVE TO PUT YOU UP EVERY TIME YOU ESCAPE FROM THE FARM"?

BECAUSE, BY STAYING HERE, I'M A LIVING SYMBOL OF YOUR LASTING REDEMPTION. WHO CAN CONTINUE TO DOUBT YOU'VE REFORMED, AFTER ONE OF YOUR OLD ENEMIES, A SUCULENT PIGGY, SURVIVES SLEEPING IN YOUR APARTMENT?

I HATE IT UP ON THE FARM, BIGGS. I'M A SOPHISTICATED PIG AND I BELONG IN THE CITY.

NEVERTHELESS, IF YOU LEAVE THE FARM AGAIN, I'M TURNING YOU IN. OFFICIALLY.

YOU WANT SOME BREAKFAST BEFORE I KICK YOU OUT?

WHAT ARE YOU HAVING?

HAM 'N' EGGS.

I TAKE IT ALL BACK. YOU'RE STILL A MONSTER THROUGH AND THROUGH.



IN MIDTOWN MANHATTAN--



--THE APARTMENT OF MISS MOLLY GREENBAUM, WHOM WE MET, ALBEIT BRIEFLY, LAST ISSUE.



♪♪♪
IN DUBLIN'S FAIRCITY,
WHERE GIRLS ARE SO
♪♪ PRETTY-- ♪♪



♪♪♪
--I FIRST SET ME EYES
ON SWEET MOLLY MALONE.
♪♪♪

Sweet Molly--While you slept I dashed out to retrieve my luggage from the Post Authority's baggage check. I dropped off a couple of suits with the dry cleaners downstairs. Be a dear and pick them up for me this afternoon before you go to work. Also, if you have a moment, can you do a load of laundry for me? Just the few items in my suitcase. Make sure to carefully follow the washing instructions on the labels. I helped myself to your spare apartment key and some money from your purse. I didn't want to wake you to ask, and knew you wouldn't mind. I'll be camping here with you for a few days, if it doesn't put you out too much. See you tonight!

--Your handsome prince du jour

THE WOODLAND'S GARDEN. AN HOUR LATER.

I THOUGHT I'D FIND YOU OUT HERE.

I LIKE TO COME HERE TO THINK--WHICH I DO BEST WHEN LEFT ALONE.

I WON'T TAKE UP TOO MUCH OF YOUR TIME, BUT I HAVE A FEW QUESTIONS ABOUT THE STATE OF OUR INVESTIGATION. FIRST, DID JACK REALLY DO IT?

PROBABLY NOT. BUT I NEEDED AN EXCUSE TO HOLD HIM IN CUSTODY, WHILE I CHECK OUT A FEW THINGS. SO HE'S OFFICIALLY GUILTY FOR A DAY OR TWO. AND FOR THE RECORD, THIS ISN'T OUR INVESTIGATION. IT'S MY INVESTIGATION.

SO WHAT ACTUAL CONCLUSIONS DID YOU COME TO?

NOT MANY. THE BLOOD IS YOUR SISTER'S.

HOW CAN YOU BE SURE?

YOU CAN'T FOOL THIS NOSE.

WE CAN HAVE IT LAB TESTED IF YOU LIKE BUT THERE'S ZERO CHANCE THAT IT ISN'T HER BLOOD.



SO SHE REALLY WAS THE VICTIM OF VIOLENCE?

IT LOOKS THAT WAY.

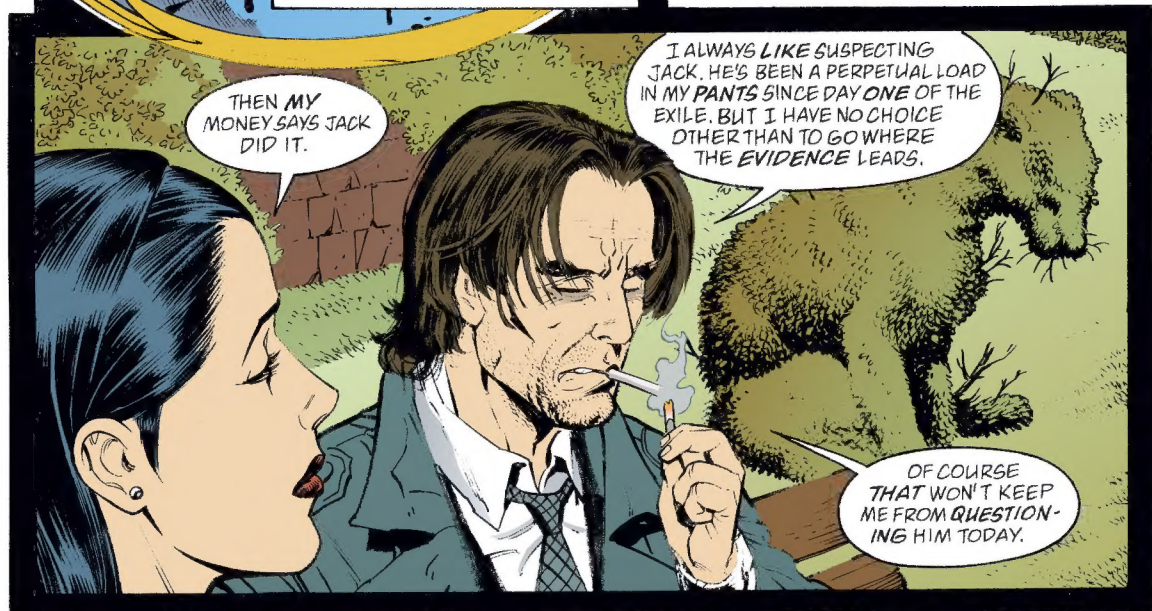
IF NOT JACK, WHOM DO YOU SUSPECT? SHE PARTIED WITH THE MUNDANES. DO YOU THINK ONE OF THEM MIGHT HAVE--?

"A MUNDY WOULDN'T HAVE KNOWN TO LEAVE THAT PARTICULAR MESSAGE ON HER WALL, NOT UNLESS ROSE HAD REVEALED HER FABLE NATURE TO ONE OF THEM."

NO MORE HAPPILY EVER AFTER

"BUT AS NONCONFORMIST AS SHE IS, I DON'T THINK EVEN SHE WOULD BREAK THAT RULE."

WHOEVER DID THIS IS ONE OF US. A FABLE.



THEN MY MONEY SAYS JACK DID IT.

I ALWAYS LIKE SUSPECTING JACK. HE'S BEEN A PERPETUAL LOAD IN MY PANTS SINCE DAY ONE OF THE EXILE. BUT I HAVE NO CHOICE OTHER THAN TO GO WHERE THE EVIDENCE LEADS.

OF COURSE THAT WON'T KEEP ME FROM QUESTIONING HIM TODAY.



I WANT TO BE WITH YOU WHEN YOU QUESTION HIM.

I SUSPECTED AS MUCH. ARE YOU GOING TO INJECT YOURSELF INTO EVERY FACET OF MY INVESTIGATION? DON'T YOU HAVE A GOVERNMENT TO RUN?



ROSE IS MY SISTER.

AND YET YOU'VE BEEN ESTRANGED FROM EACH OTHER FOR YEARS. THERE'S BEEN LITTLE LOVE LOST BETWEEN THE TWO OF YOU.



IF YOU THINK THAT, MAYBE YOU SHOULD ADD ME TO YOUR SUSPECT LIST.

I ALREADY HAVE.

IS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE SOME KIND OF A JOKE?



NO, MA'AM, I'VE NEVER HAD MUCH OF A SENSE OF HUMOR. WE CAN GET YOUR INTERVIEW OUT OF THE WAY NOW, IF YOU LIKE.

I CAN'T JUST NOW.

MY EX JUST CALLED AND INSISTED I MEET HIM FOR A LATE BREAKFAST AT THE EGGMAN. I'M GOING OVER THERE NOW.



HIDE YOUR WALLET FIRST.

ELSEWHERE...

IF YOU'RE GOING TO ADVANCE, ADVANCE LIKE YOU MEAN IT.

YOU AREN'T BACK IN YOUR GLASS SLIPPERS, WALTZING AT A DRESS BALL. A MODICUM OF GRACE IS IMPORTANT, BUT YOU GET NO POINTS HERE FOR DELICACY, PRINCESS.

MR. BLUEBEARD, IF YOU'RE GOING TO INSIST ON CALLING ME PRINCESS, PLEASE DON'T DO IT IN THAT TONE OF VOICE.

YOU MAKE IT SOUND LIKE A FUCKING SYNONYM FOR--I DON'T KNOW--

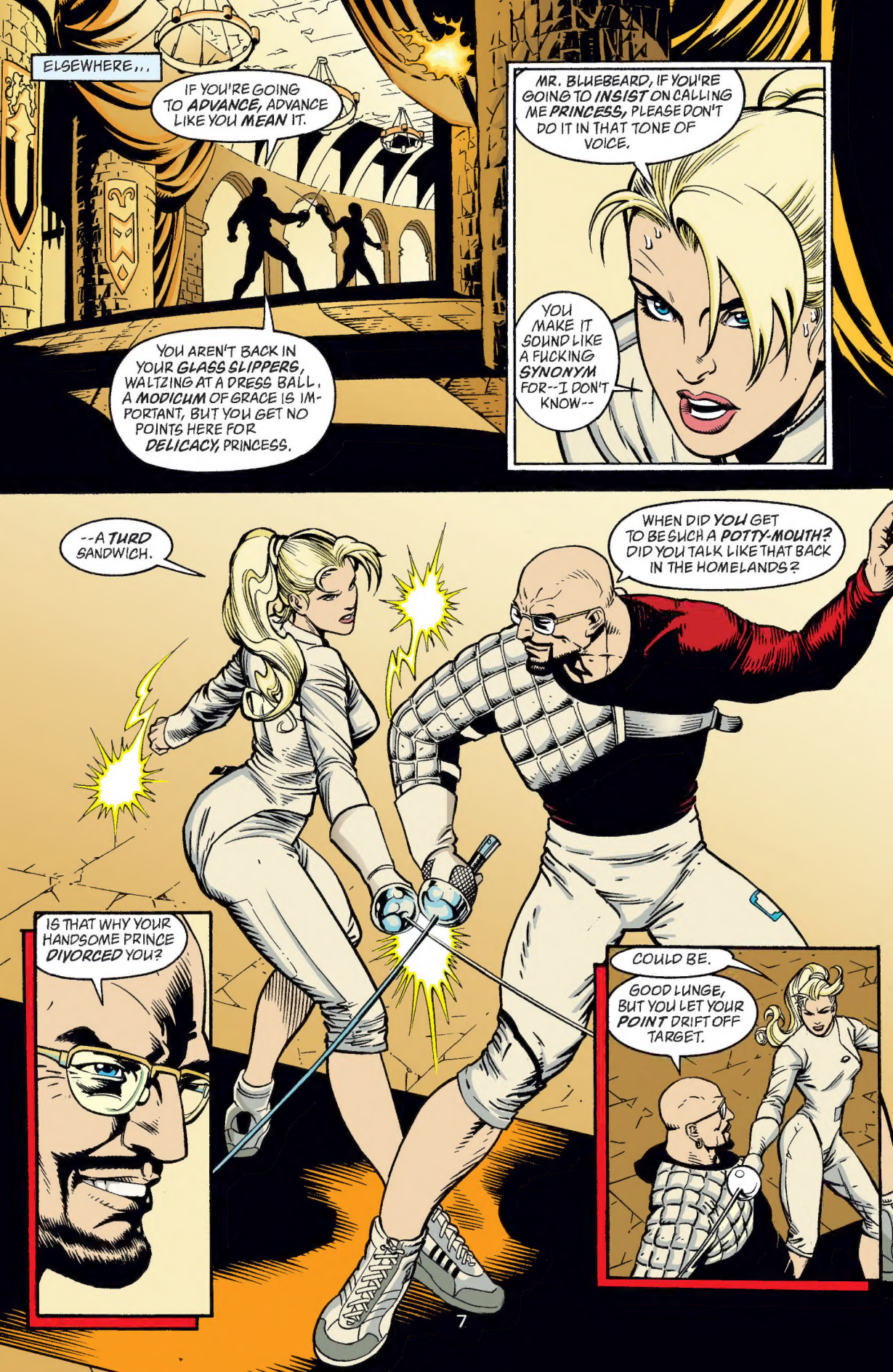
--A TURD SANDWICH.

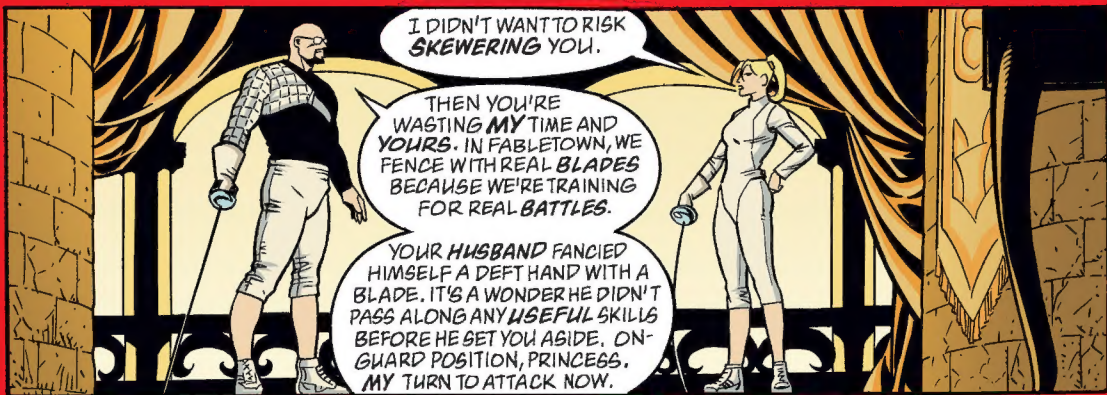
WHEN DID YOU GET TO BE SUCH A POTTY-MOUTH? DID YOU TALK LIKE THAT BACK IN THE HOMELANDS?

IS THAT WHY YOUR HANDSOME PRINCE DIVORCED YOU?

COULD BE.

GOOD LUNGE, BUT YOU LET YOUR POINT DRIFT OFF TARGET.

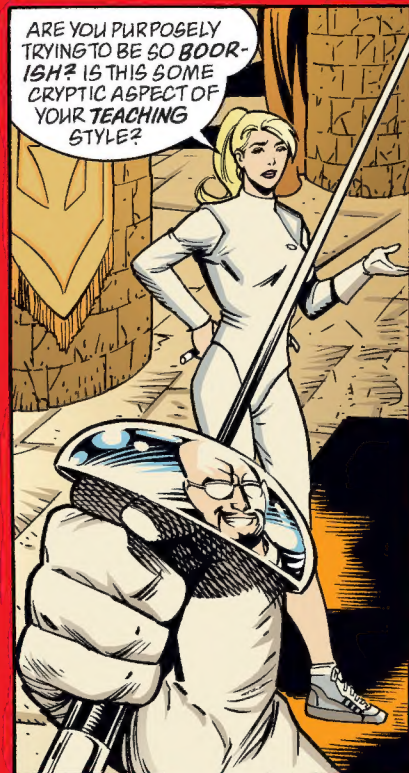




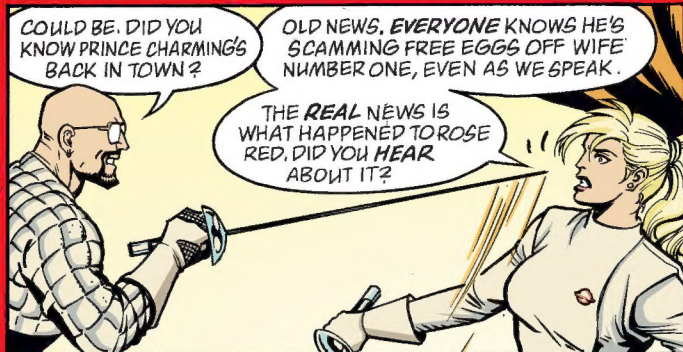
I DIDN'T WANT TO RISK **SKEWERING YOU.**

THEN YOU'RE WASTING **MY TIME AND YOURS.** IN FABLETOWN, WE FENCE WITH **REAL BLADES** BECAUSE WE'RE TRAINING FOR **REAL BATTLES.**

YOUR **HUSBAND** FANCIED HIMSELF A **DEFT HAND** WITH A **BLADE.** IT'S A WONDER HE DIDN'T PASS ALONG ANY **USEFUL SKILLS** BEFORE HE SET YOU ASIDE, **ON-GUARD POSITION, PRINCESS.** **MY TURN TO ATTACK NOW.**



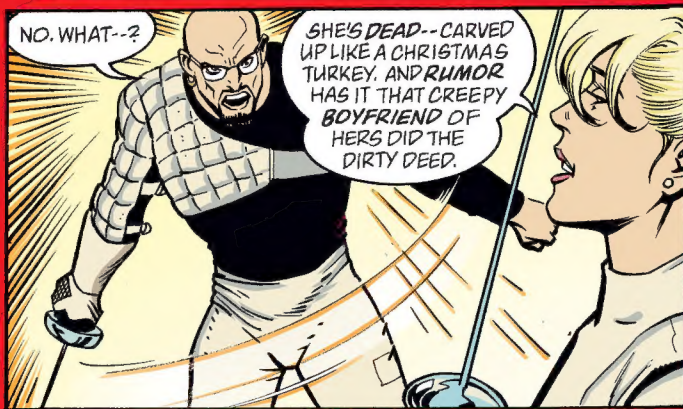
ARE YOU PURPOSELY TRYING TO BE SO **BOORISH?** IS THIS SOME CRYPTIC ASPECT OF YOUR **TEACHING STYLE?**



COULD BE. DID YOU KNOW PRINCE CHARMING'S BACK IN TOWN?

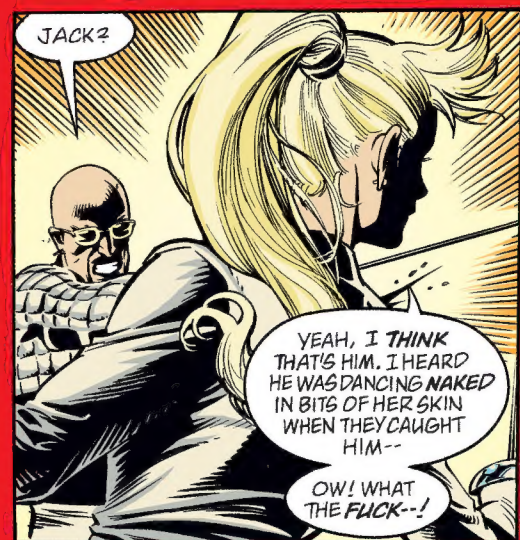
OLD NEWS. **EVERYONE** KNOWS HE'S SCAMMING **FREE EGGS** OFF WIFE NUMBER ONE, EVEN AS WE SPEAK.

THE **REAL NEWS** IS WHAT HAPPENED TO ROSE RED. DID YOU HEAR ABOUT IT?



NO. WHAT--?

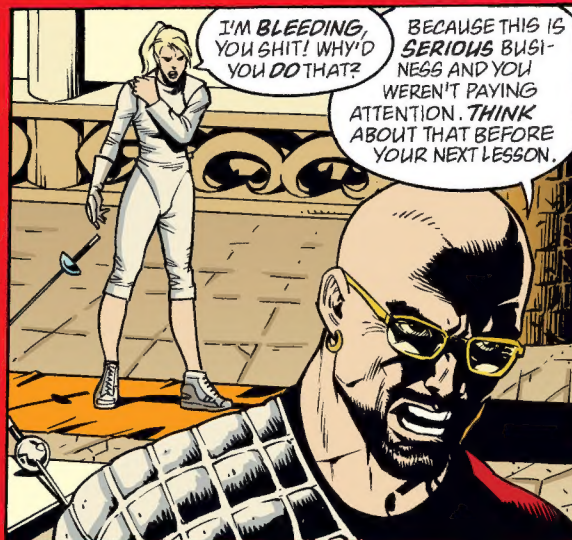
SHE'S **DEAD--** CARVED UP LIKE A CHRISTMAS TURKEY. AND RUMOR HAS IT THAT CREEPY **BOYFRIEND** OF HERS DID THE DIRTY DEED.



JACK?

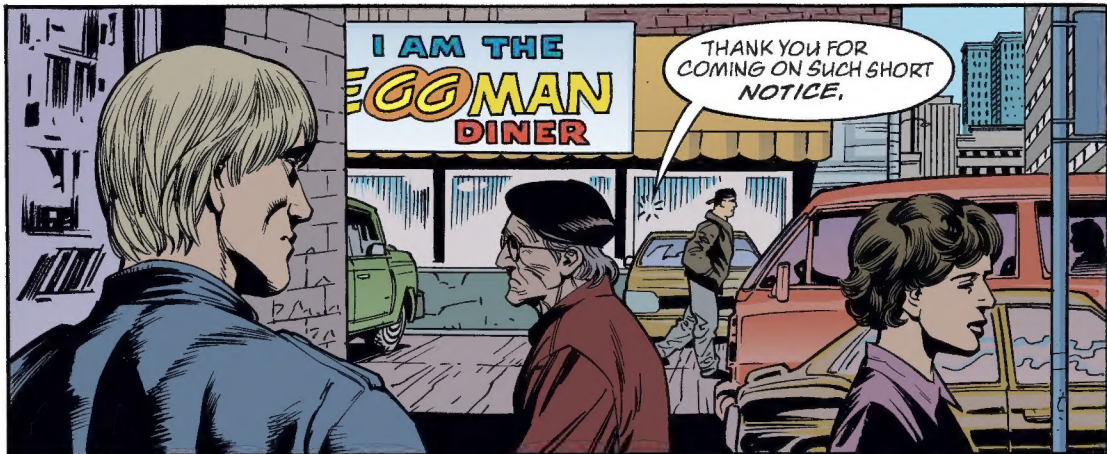
YEAH, I THINK THAT'S HIM. I HEARD HE WAS **DANCING NAKED** IN BITS OF HER SKIN WHEN THEY CAUGHT HIM--

OW! WHAT THE **FUCK--!**



I'M **BLEEDING,** YOU SHIT! WHY'D YOU DO THAT?

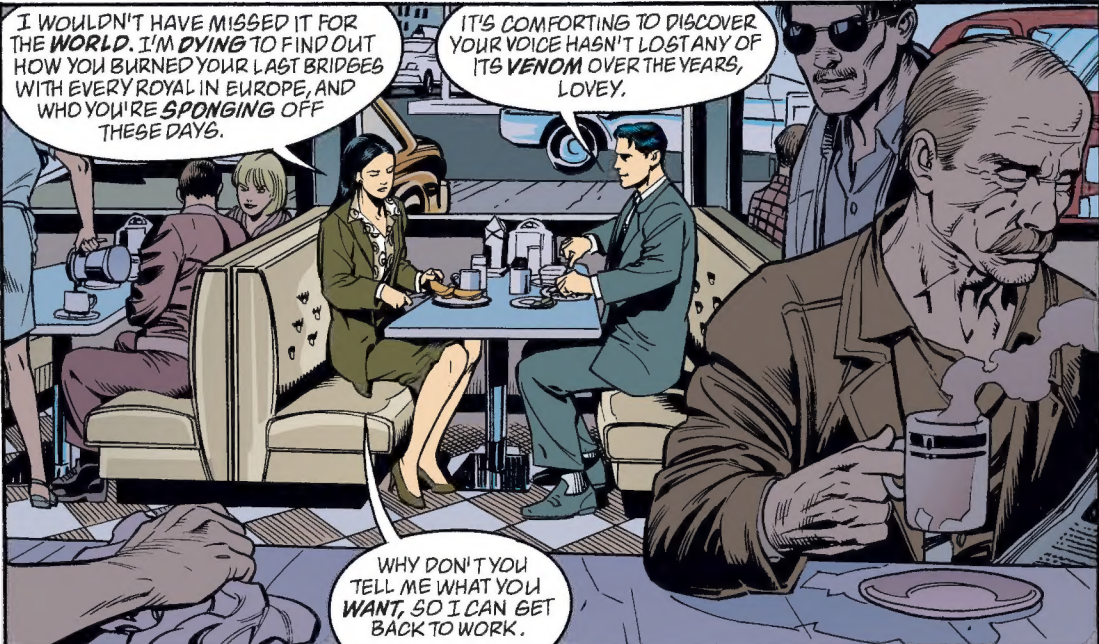
BECAUSE THIS IS **SERIOUS BUSINESS** AND YOU WEREN'T PAYING ATTENTION. **THINK ABOUT** THAT BEFORE YOUR NEXT LESSON.



THANK YOU FOR COMING ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE.

I WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED IT FOR THE WORLD. I'M DYING TO FIND OUT HOW YOU BURNED YOUR LAST BRIBES WITH EVERY ROYAL IN EUROPE, AND WHO YOU'RE SPONGING OFF THESE DAYS.

IT'S COMFORTING TO DISCOVER YOUR VOICE HASN'T LOST ANY OF ITS VENOM OVER THE YEARS, LOVEY.



WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT, SO I CAN GET BACK TO WORK.



UNLIKE YOU, I HAVE RESPONSIBILITIES.

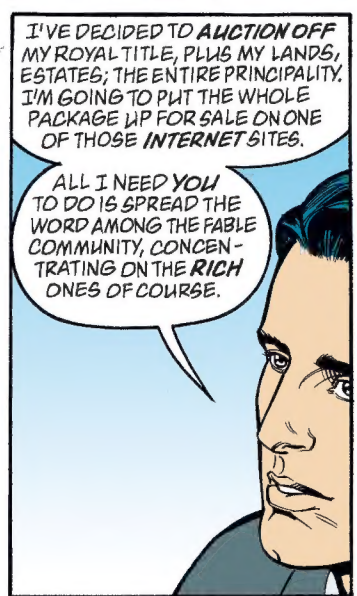
YES, I'D HEARD THAT YOU WERE RUNNING THE ENTIRE SHOW OVER HERE NOW, AND THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT.



FORGET IT. I'M NOT ABOUT TO USE MY OFFICE TO GET YOU OUT OF TROUBLE, OR HELP YOU CHEAT SOME UNSUSPECTING FABLE OUT OF HER FORTUNE.

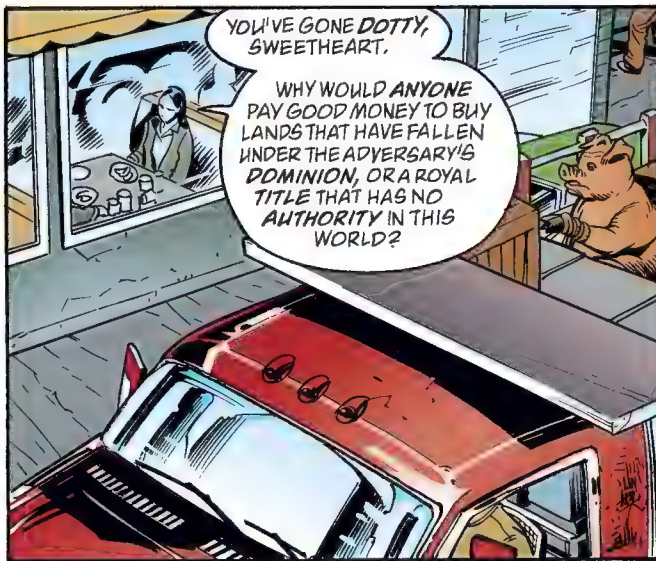
NO NEED. I'VE THOUGHT OF A WAY TO REPLENISH MY LOST FORTUNE, WITHOUT CHEATING ANYONE.

DO TELL.



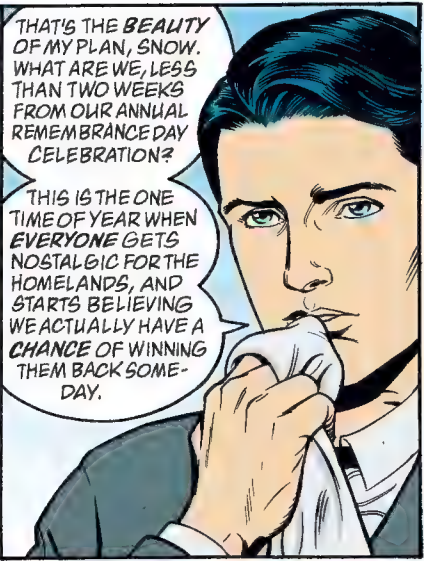
I'VE DECIDED TO AUCTION OFF MY ROYAL TITLE, PLUS MY LANDS, ESTATES; THE ENTIRE PRINCIPALITY. I'M GOING TO PUT THE WHOLE PACKAGE UP FOR SALE ON ONE OF THOSE INTERNET SITES.

ALL I NEED YOU TO DO IS SPREAD THE WORD AMONG THE FABLE COMMUNITY, CONCENTRATING ON THE RICH ONES OF COURSE.



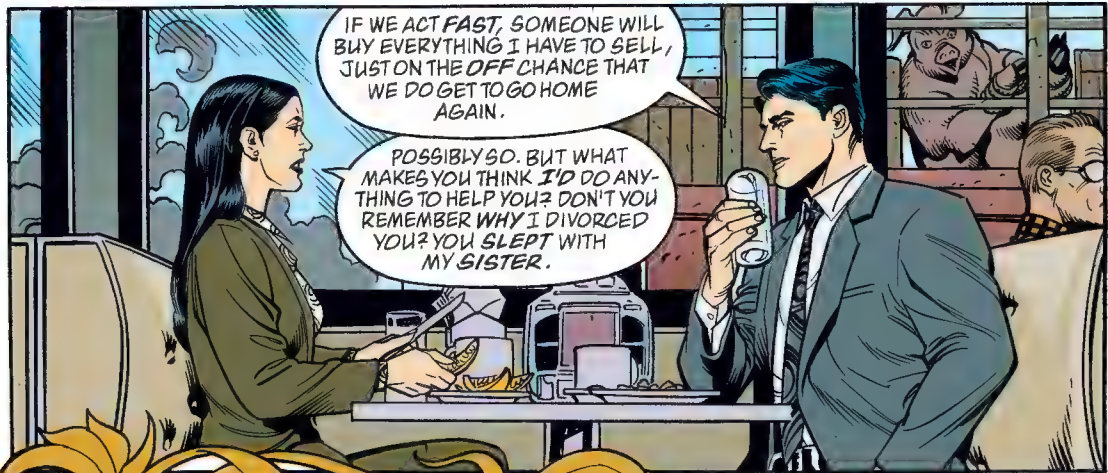
YOU'VE GONE DOTTY, SWEETHEART.

WHY WOULD ANYONE PAY GOOD MONEY TO BUY LANDS THAT HAVE FALLEN UNDER THE ADVERSARY'S DOMINION, OR A ROYAL TITLE THAT HAS NO AUTHORITY IN THIS WORLD?



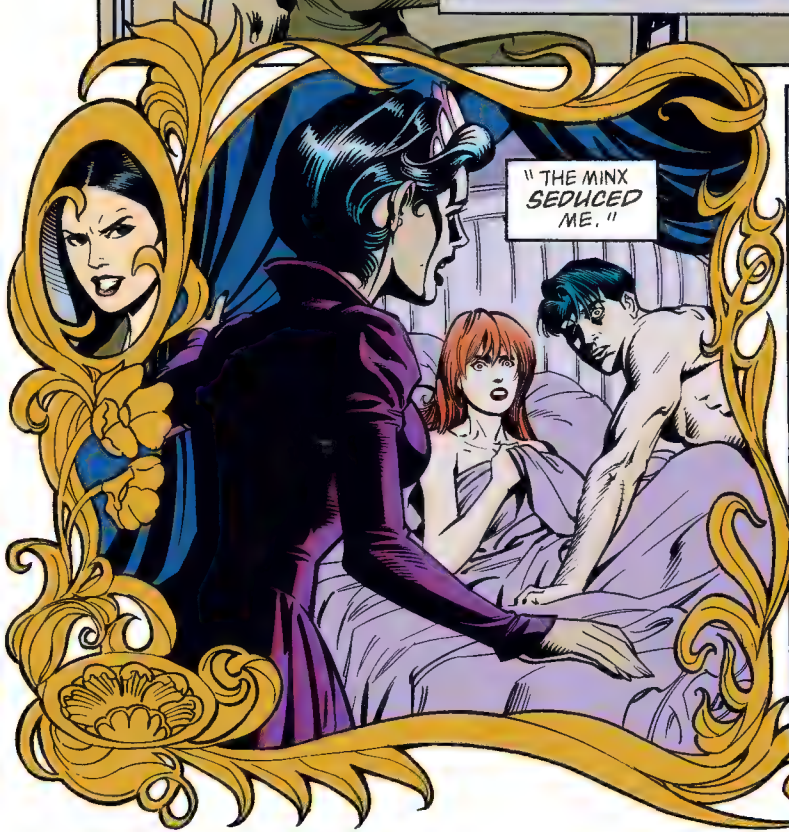
THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF MY PLAN, SNOW. WHAT ARE WE, LESS THAN TWO WEEKS FROM OUR ANNUAL REMEMBRANCE DAY CELEBRATION?

THIS IS THE ONE TIME OF YEAR WHEN EVERYONE GETS NOSTALGIC FOR THE HOMELANDS, AND STARTS BELIEVING WE ACTUALLY HAVE A CHANCE OF WINNING THEM BACK SOME-DAY.



IF WE ACT FAST, SOMEONE WILL BUY EVERYTHING I HAVE TO SELL, JUST ON THE OFF CHANCE THAT WE DO GET TO GO HOME AGAIN.

POSSIBLY SO. BUT WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'D DO ANYTHING TO HELP YOU? DON'T YOU REMEMBER WHY I DIVORCED YOU? YOU SLEPT WITH MY SISTER.



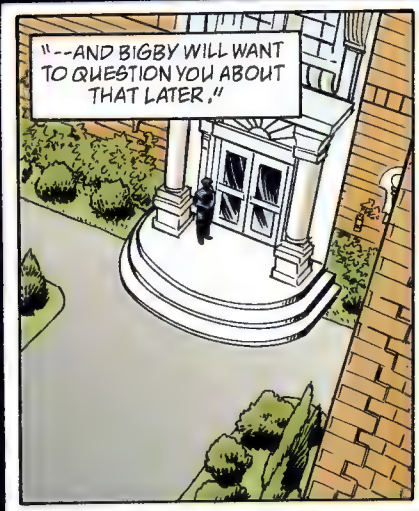
"THE MINX SEDUCED ME."



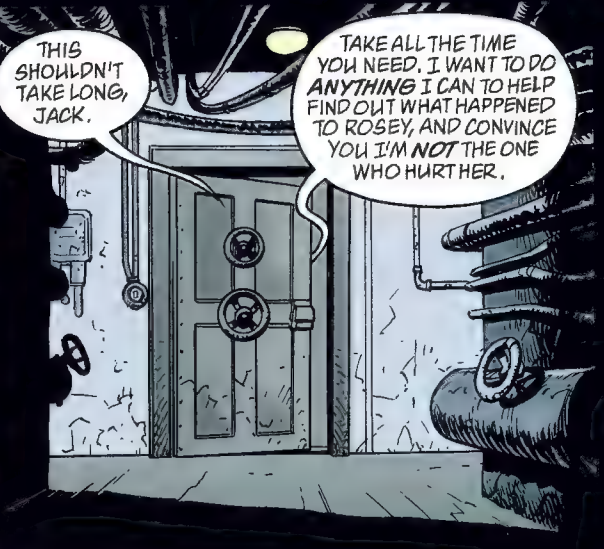
I'M LEAVING NOW, BEFORE I SCREAM. CRAWL BACK INTO THE BED OF WHATEVER MUNDY WHORE YOU'RE CURRENTLY SHACKING UP WITH AND LEAVE ME ALONE.

BY THE WAY, THE "MINX" IN QUESTION HAS GONE MISSING, UNDER FRIGHTENING CIRCUMSTANCES.

IT'S JUST OCCURRED TO ME THAT YOU BELONG ON THE LIST OF SUSPECTS--

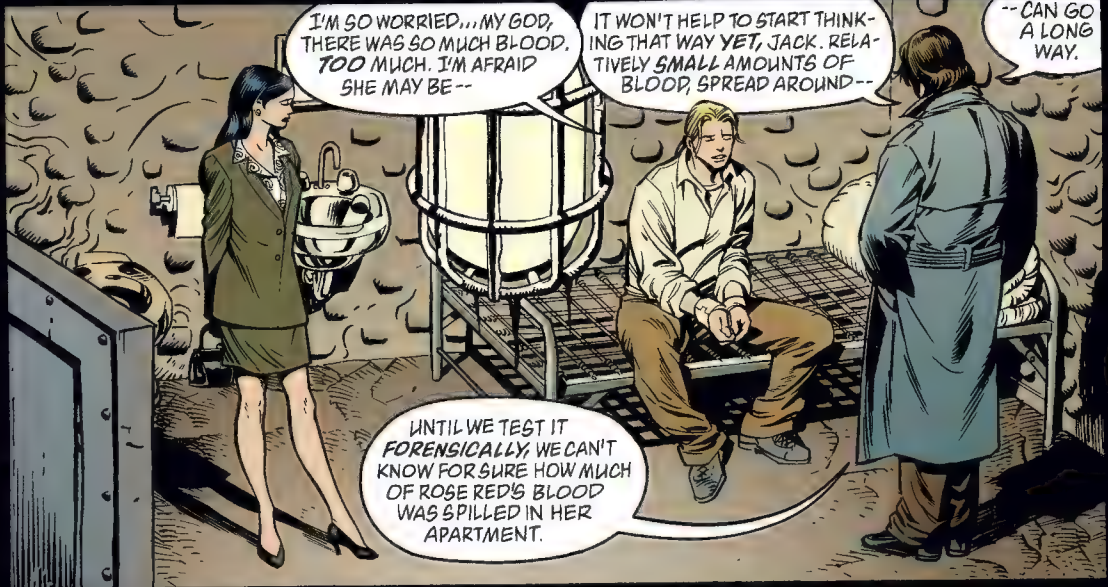


"--AND BIGBY WILL WANT TO QUESTION YOU ABOUT THAT LATER."



THIS SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG, JACK.

TAKE ALL THE TIME YOU NEED. I WANT TO DO ANYTHING I CAN TO HELP FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO ROSEY, AND CONVINCE YOU I'M NOT THE ONE WHO HURT HER.



I'M SO WORRIED... MY GOD, THERE WAS SO MUCH BLOOD. TOO MUCH. I'M AFRAID SHE MAY BE--

IT WON'T HELP TO START THINKING THAT WAY YET, JACK. RELATIVELY SMALL AMOUNTS OF BLOOD, SPREAD AROUND--

-- CAN GO A LONG WAY.

UNTIL WE TEST IT FORENSICALLY, WE CAN'T KNOW FOR SURE HOW MUCH OF ROSE RED'S BLOOD WAS SPILLED IN HER APARTMENT.



I'VE ALREADY ARRANGED FOR THOSE TESTS LATER, BUT UNTIL THEN WE SHOULD ASSUME WE'RE LOOKING FOR A LIVING WOMAN.

OKAY. WHATEVER YOU SAY. YOU'RE THE SHERIFF.




YOU'VE BEEN ROMANTICALLY INVOLVED WITH ROSE FOR HOW LONG?

ALMOST FOUR YEARS NOW.

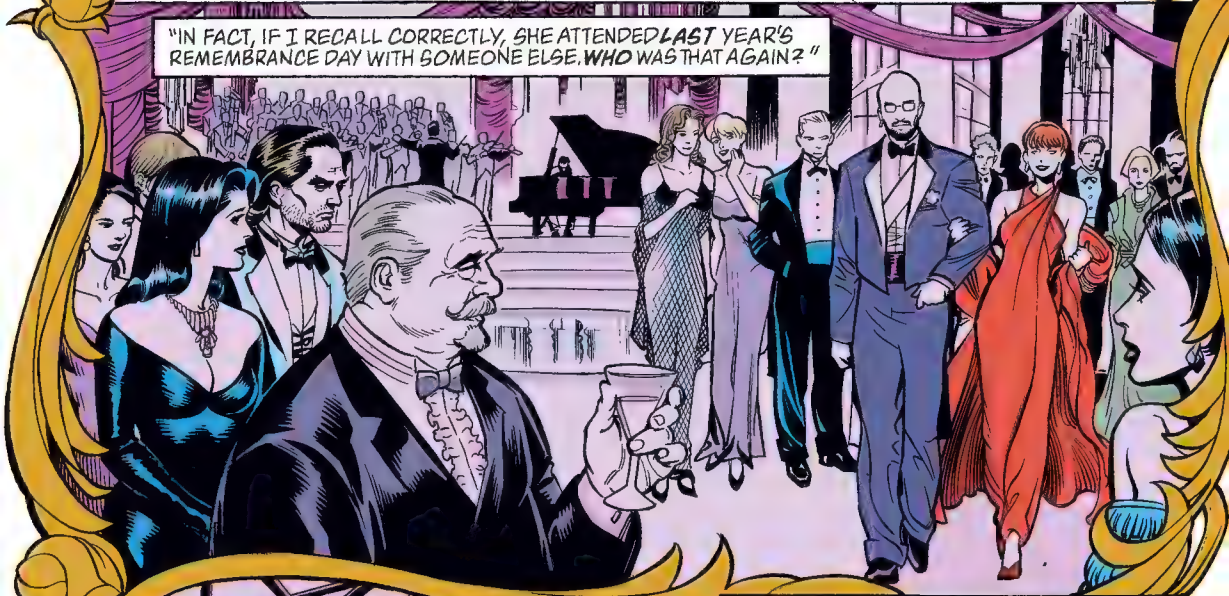
BUT NOT FOUR YEARS STRAIGHT.

EXCUSE ME?




"JUST ABOUT A YEAR AGO, YOU AND ROSE HAD A VERY PUBLIC FALLING OUT. THERE WERE FIGHTS, LOTS OF SCREAMING.

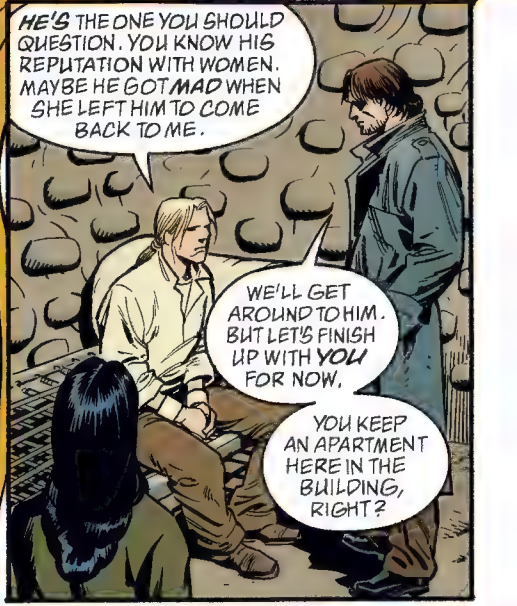
"IT NEARLY GOT TO THE POINT WHERE I WOULD HAVE HAD TO INTERVENE.



"IN FACT, IF I RECALL CORRECTLY, SHE ATTENDED LAST YEAR'S REMEMBRANCE DAY WITH SOMEONE ELSE. WHO WAS THAT AGAIN?"



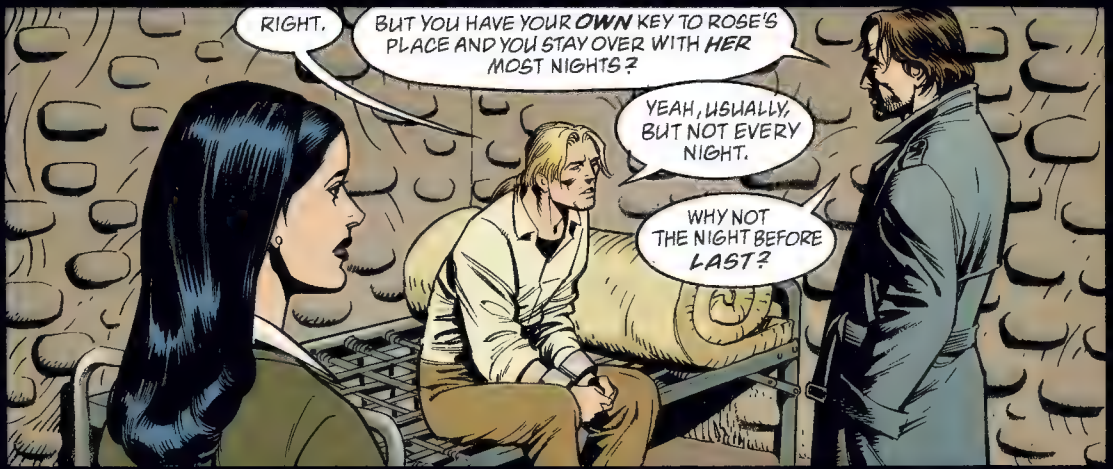
"BLUEBEARD. BUT SHE ONLY DATED HIM TO MAKE ME JEALOUS."



HE'S THE ONE YOU SHOULD QUESTION. YOU KNOW HIS REPUTATION WITH WOMEN. MAYBE HE GOT MAD WHEN SHE LEFT HIM TO COME BACK TO ME.

WE'LL GET AROUND TO HIM. BUT LET'S FINISH UP WITH YOU FOR NOW.

YOU KEEP AN APARTMENT HERE IN THE BUILDING, RIGHT?



RIGHT.

BUT YOU HAVE YOUR **OWN** KEY TO ROSE'S PLACE AND YOU STAY OVER WITH **HER** MOST NIGHTS?

YEAH, USUALLY, BUT NOT EVERY NIGHT.

WHY NOT THE NIGHT BEFORE LAST?



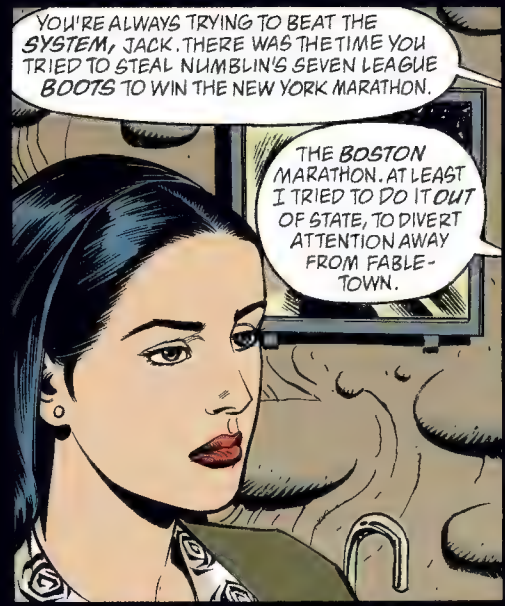
I'M NOT SURE. I WAS OUT LATE WITH SOME FRIENDS AND I GUESS I DIDN'T WANT TO WAKE HER, SO I CRASHED AT MY PLACE.

FUNNY, BUT GRIMBLE DOESN'T REMEMBER YOU COMING IN, LATE OR OTHERWISE.



GRIMBLE WAS ASLEEP BEHIND THE SECURITY DESK, LIKE ALWAYS.

YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW MUCH REGISTERS WITH HIM, EVEN WHEN HE'S SAWING LOGS.



YOU'RE ALWAYS TRYING TO BEAT THE SYSTEM, JACK. THERE WAS THE TIME YOU TRIED TO STEAL NUMBLIN'S SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS TO WIN THE NEW YORK MARATHON.

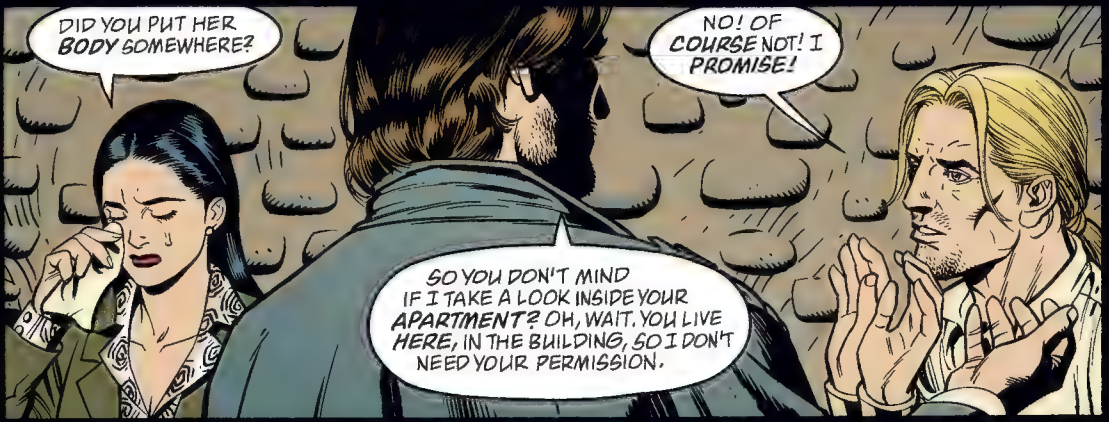
THE BOSTON MARATHON. AT LEAST I TRIED TO DO IT OUT OF STATE, TO DIVERT ATTENTION AWAY FROM FABLE-TOWN.



I KNOW HOW TO KEEP THINGS SECRET FROM THE MUNDYS. I DON'T RUN WITH THOSE FANATICS WHO THINK WE SHOULD ALL COME OUT OF THE CLOSET.

AND WHAT ABOUT THE TIME YOU TRIED TO RAFFLE OFF THE MAP TO YOUR REMAINING MAGIC BEANS?





DID YOU PUT HER BODY SOMEWHERE?

NO! OF COURSE NOT! I PROMISE!

SO YOU DON'T MIND IF I TAKE A LOOK INSIDE YOUR APARTMENT? OH, WAIT, YOU LIVE HERE, IN THE BUILDING, SO I DON'T NEED YOUR PERMISSION.



WE'LL KEEP YOU HERE FOR NOW, WHILE I CHECK OUT YOUR PLACE.

SURE, WHY NOT? I GOT NOTHING TO HIDE.

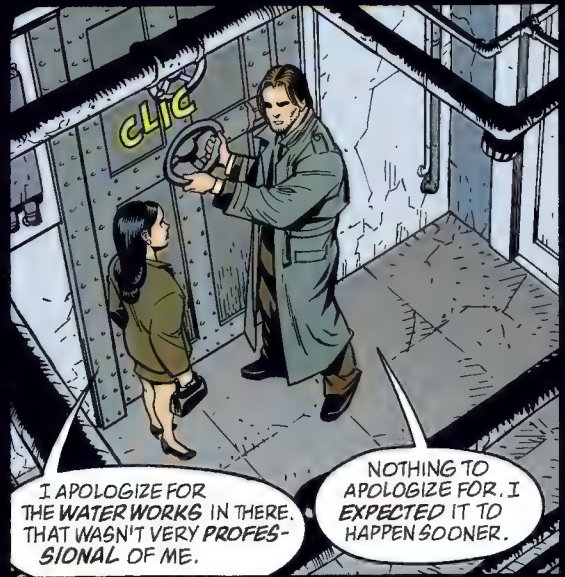


CAN YOU THINK OF ANYONE WHO MIGHT WANT TO HURT ROSE?

BLUEBEARD'S THE ONLY ONE WHO COMES TO MIND. MAYBE HE REVERTED BACK TO HIS OLD WAYS. YOU KNOW WHAT HE USED TO DO TO HIS WIVES, RIGHT?

THOSE WERE PRE-AMNESTY DEEDS, JACK, REMEMBER?

YOU CAN'T BRING THAT UP.



I APOLOGIZE FOR THE WATER WORKS IN THERE. THAT WASN'T VERY PROFESSIONAL OF ME.

NOTHING TO APOLOGIZE FOR. I EXPECTED IT TO HAPPEN SOONER.

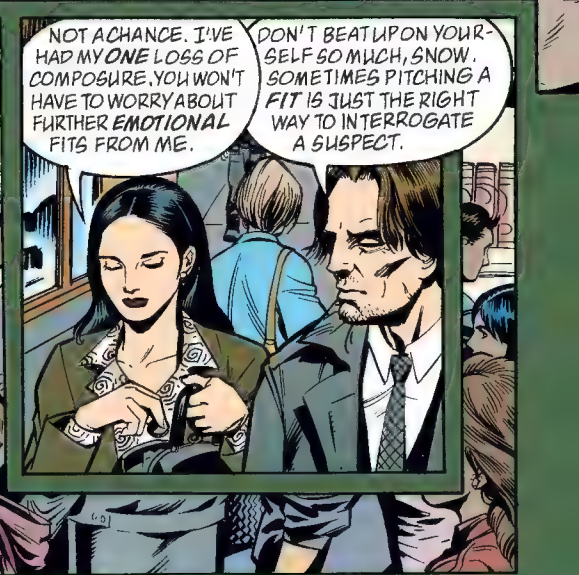
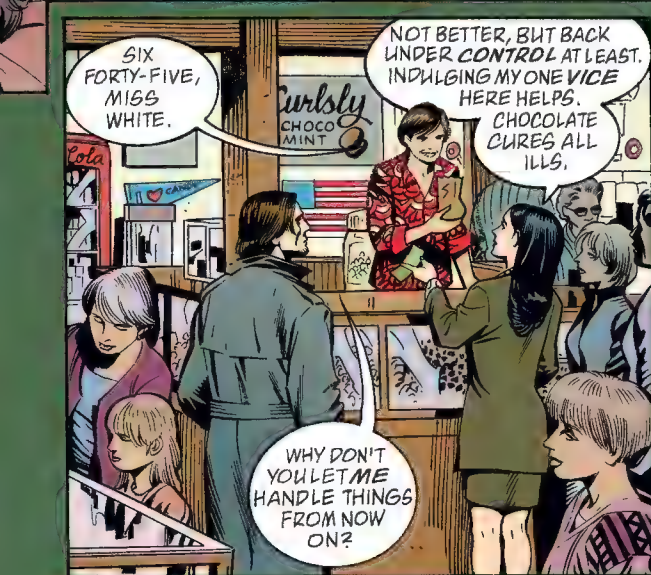


BEFORE NOW I JUST FELT... I DON'T KNOW. NUMB? LIKE THIS WASN'T REALLY HAPPENING.



BUT I'M NOT A DELICATE FLOWER, MISTER WOLF. I CAN TAKE BAD NEWS. IF YOU'VE DETERMINED THAT MY SISTER IS DEAD, I WANT YOU TO LEVEL WITH ME.

I WILL, IF IT BECOMES NECESSARY. I PROMISE. BUT SO FAR THAT ISN'T THE CASE.



SIX FORTY-FIVE, MISS WHITE.

NOT BETTER, BUT BACK UNDER CONTROL AT LEAST. INDULGING MY ONE VICE HERE HELPS. CHOCOLATE CURES ALL ILLS.

NOT A CHANCE. I'VE HAD MY ONE LOSS OF COMPOSURE. YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT FURTHER EMOTIONAL FITS FROM ME.

DON'T BEAT UPON YOURSELF SO MUCH, SNOW. SOMETIMES PITCHING A FIT IS JUST THE RIGHT WAY TO INTERROGATE A SUSPECT.

WHY DON'T YOU LET ME HANDLE THINGS FROM NOW ON?



WHO DO WE SEE NEXT?

I THINK WE'LL TAKE JACK'S ADVICE AND GO SEE THE RECLUSIVE MISTER BLUEBEARD. HE STILL LIVES IN THE BUILDING, RIGHT?

SINCE IT WAS BUILT. DO YOU WANT ONE OF THESE?

I DON'T EAT SWEETS.

I'D HEARD BLUEBEARD WAS WELL OFF, SO WHAT'S HE DOING DOWN ON THE **FOURTH FLOOR**? WHY DIDN'T HE TAKE ONE OF THE BIGGER APARTMENTS HIGHER UP?

KNOCK KNOCK

YOU'LL SEE.

YES?

WE CALLED AHEAD, YOUR BOSS IS EXPECTING US.

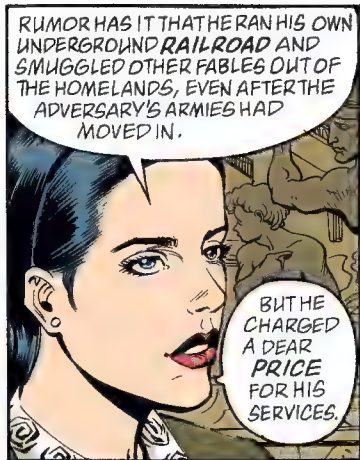
VERY WELL, COME IN.

FOLLOW ME, PLEASE.

OH, I GET IT NOW. HE'S GOT HIMSELF ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE MAGICAL BIG SPACES WITHIN A SMALLER SPACE, LIKE YOUR OFFICE. HOW DID HE PULL THIS OFF?

HE WAS ONE OF THE FORTUNATE FEW TO GET OUT OF THE HOMELANDS WITH HIS RICHES.

AND HIS WHOLE BLOODY CASTLE, TOO.



RUMOR HAS IT THAT HE RAN HIS OWN UNDERGROUND RAILROAD AND SMUGGLED OTHER FABLES OUT OF THE HOMELANDS, EVEN AFTER THE ADVERSARY'S ARMIES HAD MOVED IN.

BUT HE CHARGED A DEAR PRICE FOR HIS SERVICES.



SO MANY OF OUR FELLOW EXILES' LOST FORTUNES FELL INTO HIS HANDS, RATHER THAN THE ADVERSARY?

SO I'M TOLD, BUT WE'LL NEVER KNOW FOR SURE, BECAUSE THAT WAS PRE-AMNESTY BUSINESS.



HE HAD TO PAY THE WIZARDLY TYPES BIG TO FIT AN ENTIRE CASTLE INSIDE A SMALL APARTMENT. THEY DON'T WORK CHEAP.

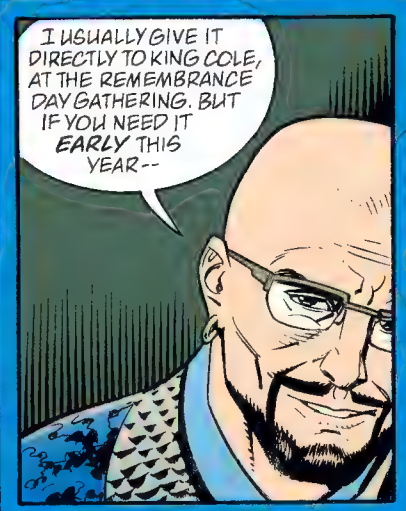
YOUR GUESTS, SIR.



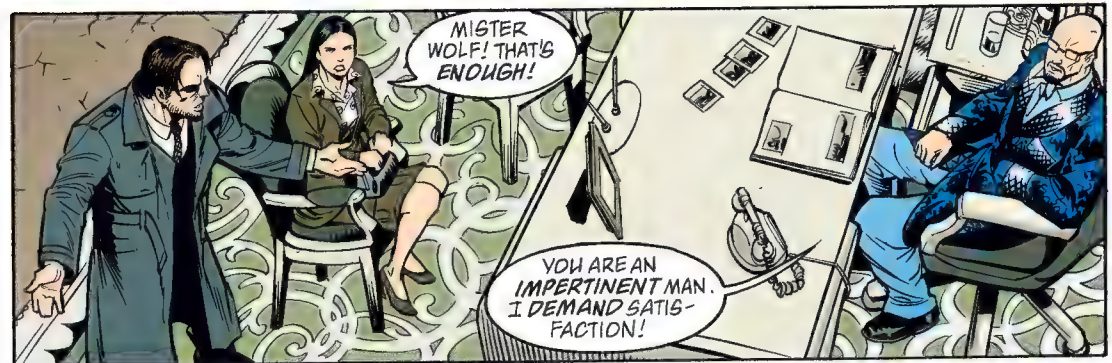
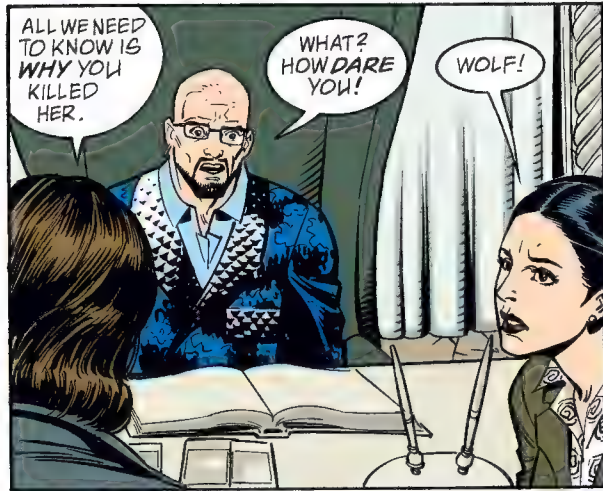
THANK YOU FOR AGREEING TO SEE US, MISTER BLUEBEARD. WE WON'T TAKE UP MUCH OF YOUR TIME.

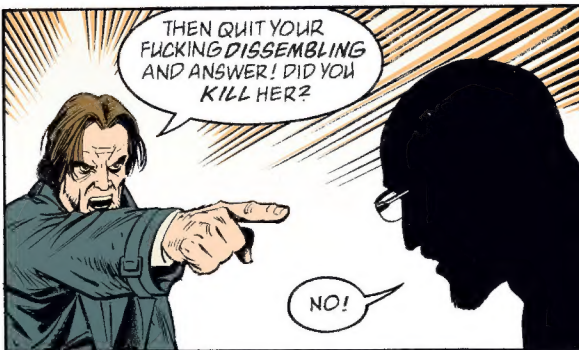
NOT TO WORRY. SIT DOWN. MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME.

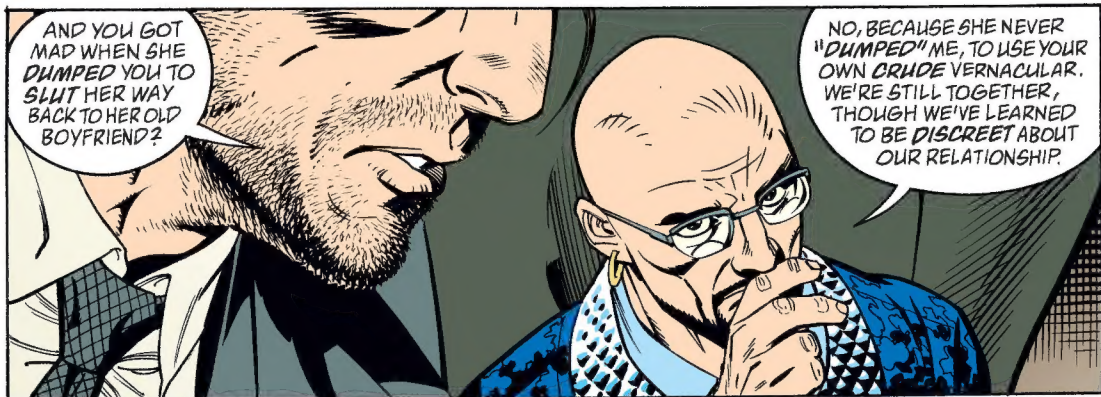
I ASSUME YOU'RE HERE TO COLLECT MY ANNUAL CONTRIBUTION TOWARDS THE SUPPORT OF OUR GOVERNMENT.



I USUALLY GIVE IT DIRECTLY TO KING COLE, AT THE REMEMBRANCE DAY GATHERING. BUT IF YOU NEED IT EARLY THIS YEAR--

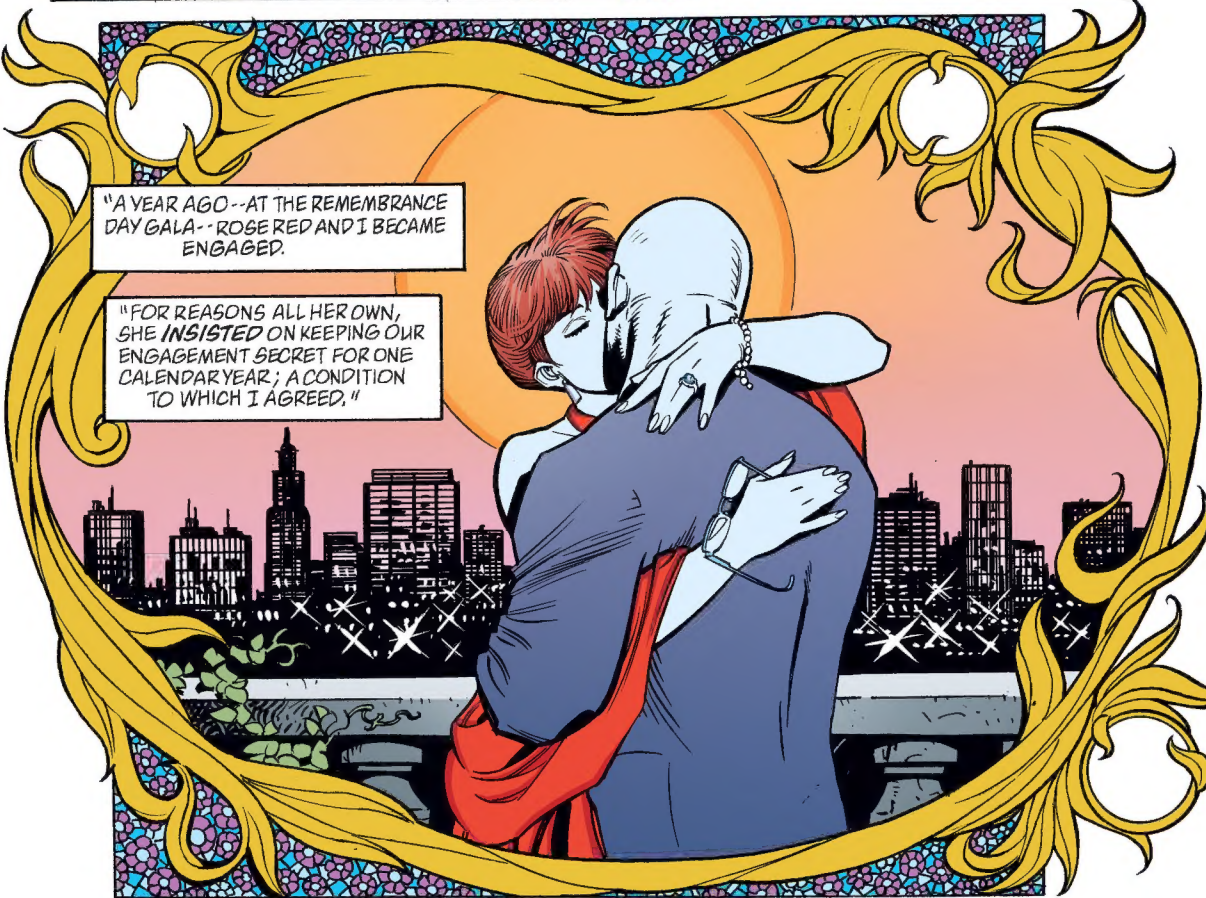






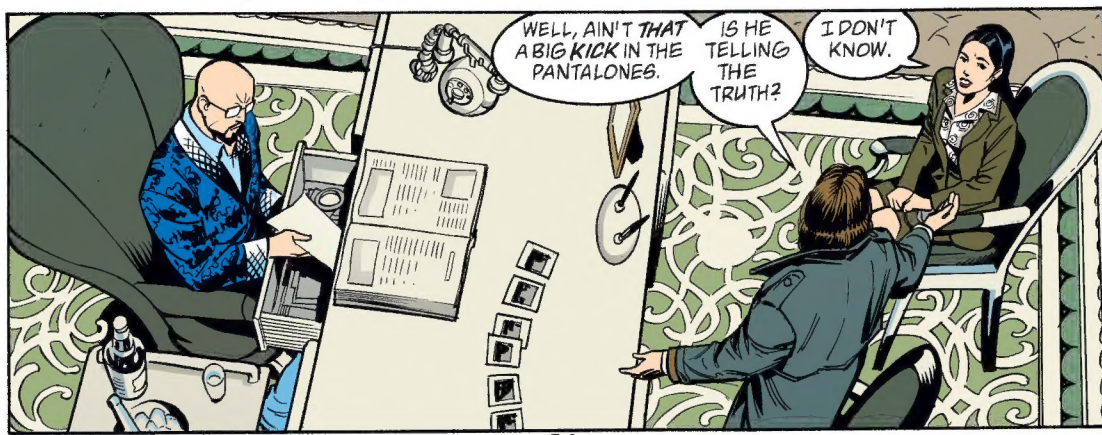
AND YOU GOT MAD WHEN SHE DUMPED YOU TO SLUT HER WAY BACK TO HER OLD BOYFRIEND?

NO, BECAUSE SHE NEVER "DUMPED" ME, TO USE YOUR OWN CRUDE VERNACULAR. WE'RE STILL TOGETHER, THOUGH WE'VE LEARNED TO BE DISCREET ABOUT OUR RELATIONSHIP.



"A YEAR AGO--AT THE REMEMBRANCE DAY GALA--ROSE RED AND I BECAME ENGAGED.

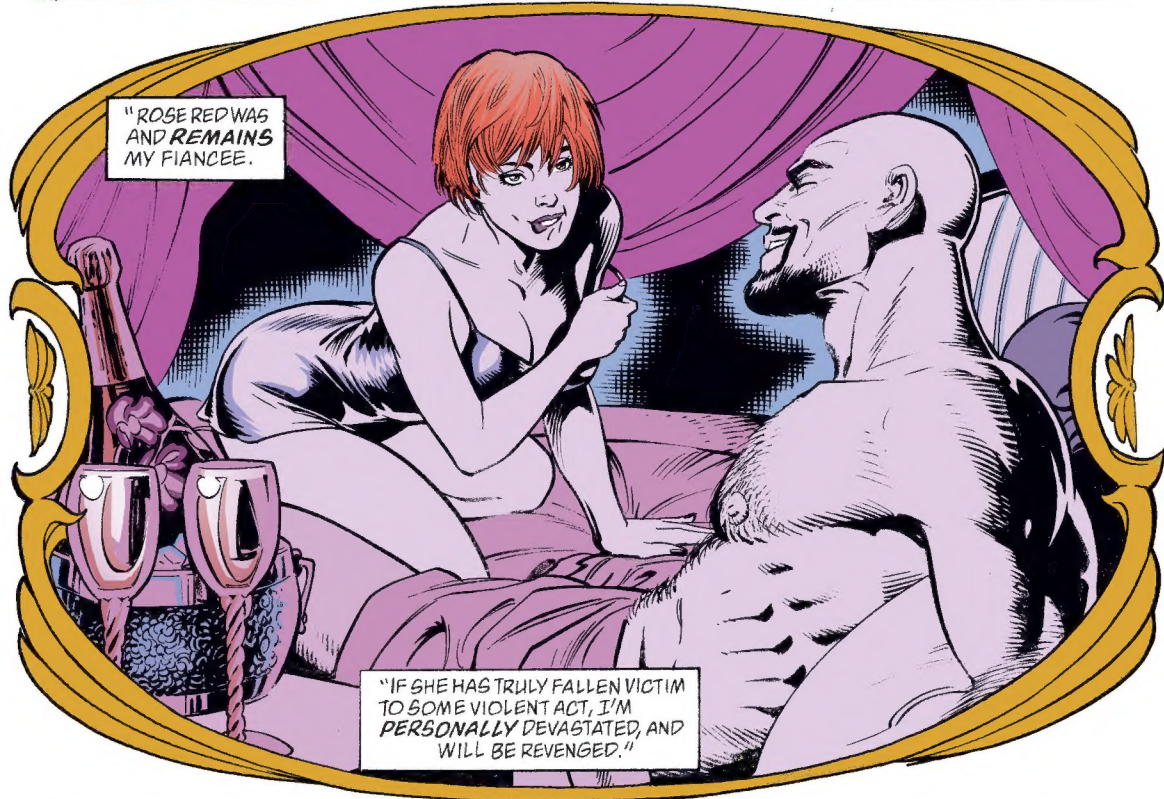
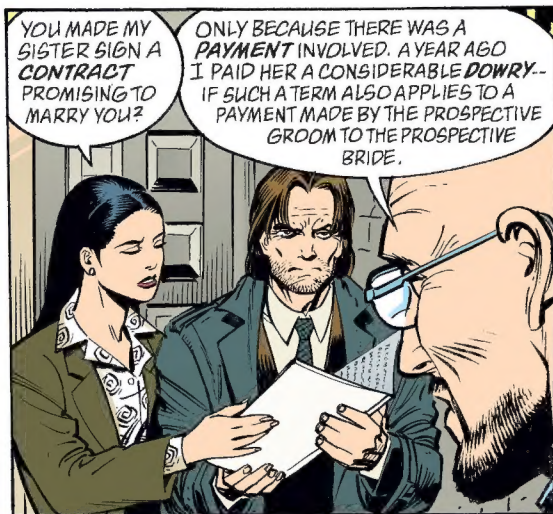
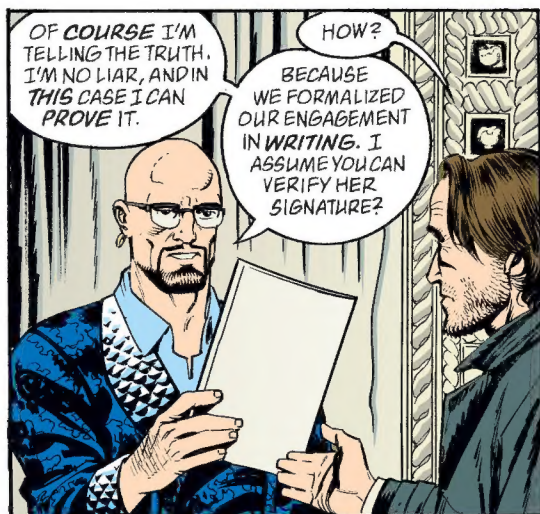
"FOR REASONS ALL HER OWN, SHE **INSISTED** ON KEEPING OUR ENGAGEMENT SECRET FOR ONE CALENDAR YEAR; A CONDITION TO WHICH I AGREED."

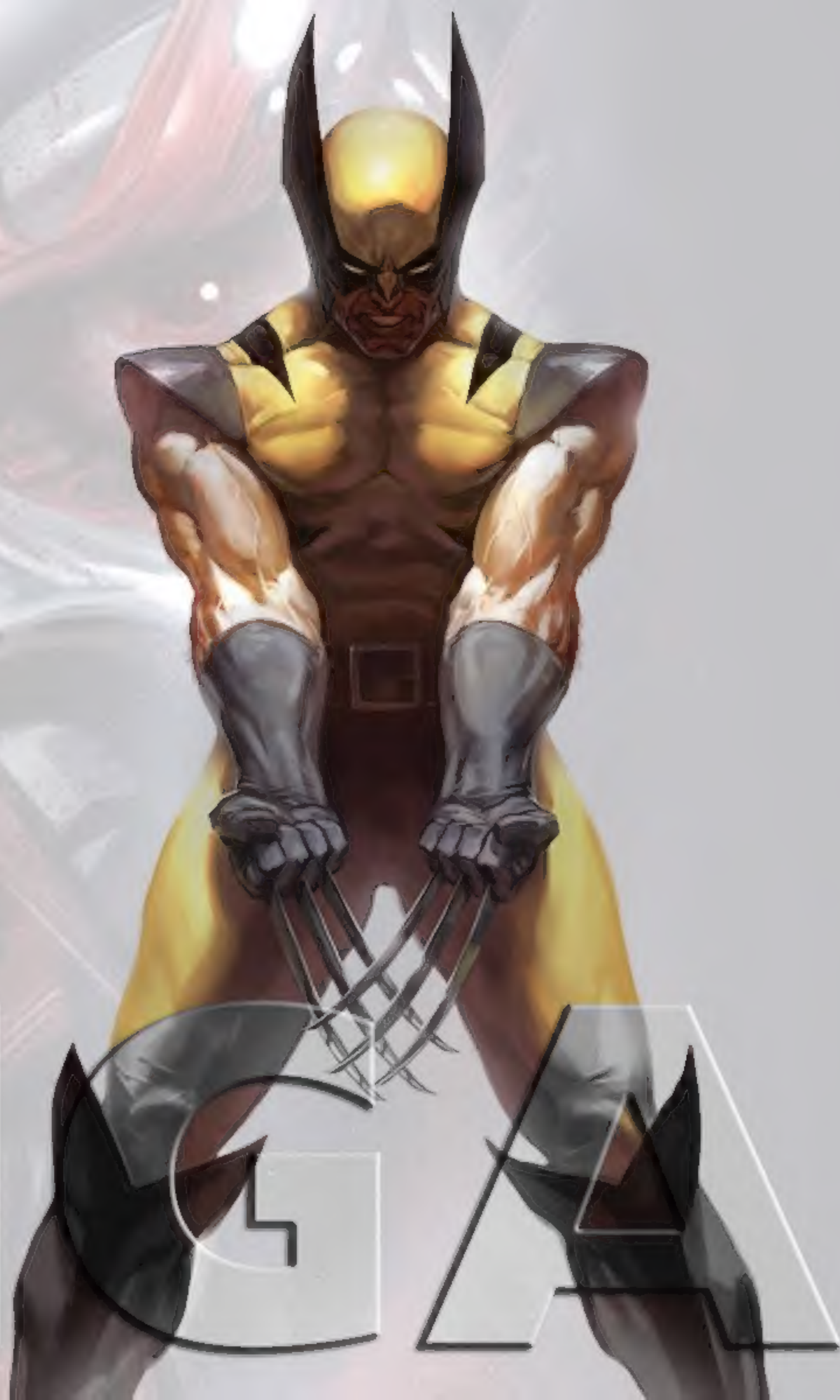


WELL, AIN'T THAT A BIG KICK IN THE PANTALONES.

IS HE TELLING THE TRUTH?

I DON'T KNOW.





NATHAN